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PICKINGS FROM PUCK
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 41, 56, 87, 110, 113 and 118 of English PUCK will
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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

The very respectable English Parliament, a body which makes more noise for the work it does than anything except the German Reichstag or a steam-calliope, is always afraid of being "Americanized." When its stately halls echo with cat-calls, howls, cheers, coughs and cheery accusations of bad faith, there is nothing said about Americanization; but when anybody tries to expedite business or to simplify legislation, the members of the House of Lords have a fit, collectively and individually. If, when he recovers, you should ask any stout old scion of the Conservative party what frightened him, he would say it was the prospect of the Americanization of the House. And if you were to go further, and ask him what he meant by Americanization, he would speak to you of a strange country beyond the sea, where the rifle and the shot-gun ruled in peace as well as in war, and where, in most sections, the people made and administered their own laws without going through the preliminary formality of choosing representatives to act for them in general assembly or on the judicial bench.

Of course you would laugh and pity the poor old pig-headed fellow who knew so little about the way the world outside his own little native patch governed itself. You would simply rank him with the British critic who doubted Mark Twain's facts, or that critic's colleague who, later, has found reason to look upon some of the adventures of the Rudder Grange people as

GRANDPA'S FOURTH.



"It seems to me they don't make so much noise on the Fourth as they did when I was young!"



But he changed his mind a moment later.

rather improbable. And you would be too complacently contemptuous to correct the old fellow's error. Perhaps you would merely tell him that he was all wrong, and then go off and smile by yourself, and revel in the luxury of knowing your own superiority to the misinformed Briton. Very well, this is what you would do, dear reader. It is what we should do under the same circumstances. But suppose we were to stroll back, either of us, from Westminster Palace to our hotel, and there were to pick up a New York paper and turn to the dispatches from the South—well, how should we feel then?

The noble lord's description of America wouldn't seem quite so wild, would it? Except for the gold and the glorious climate of California, the South isn't to-day very unlike the West of '49. And as to the West, why, the West has still an unholy hankering after more "peculiar institutions" than Utah holds. Up North and East here, of course—of course—well, that's so, we did have a little lynching party up in Westchester the other day. When you come to think of it, it doesn't seem so absurd to have a terror of becoming Americanized with the Americanism of the settler days. We may care little for stories of vigilante violence in the far South and West. We don't see the corpse swinging from the tree, or the dead jailor lying across the sill of the prison door. But when we read of a party of armed men scouring one of New York's oldest, richest and most thickly-populated counties, in the combined capacities of detectives, jury, judges and executioners—why, then it brings things home to you.

If you, gentle reader, were a light and rather yellow mulatto, with a flat nose, and if you were shabbily and showily dressed and could not give an easily confirmed account of your movements for a day or two past, you might have swung, last week, from the lower limb of a Westchester County button-wood. And even if you preserve your present Caucasian beauty, you can't very well live in certain other parts of this Union without running a similar risk. This is the plain truth of the matter. Our Southern friends get very angry if they are told that they are lawless, and they show anything but a law-abiding temper. Our Western friends, when they do not boast of their anarchical justice, tell us carelessly that cases of lynching are rare in their section, and in most instances excusable for special reasons. But the Associated Press gives us another story; and now that New York is getting "Southernized," perhaps her citizens may start the idea that it is

better to have good laws, honestly enforced by trustworthy officials, than to leave the righting of public wrongs to the excited and often un-reasoning crowds that will act for themselves on the spur of the moment. May the idea spread.

To-morrow is the Fourth of July. Those who have forgotten the fact will probably be pretty well reminded of it ere the sun sinks in the west, or the earth turns around and obscures the brilliant old body, because they will hear the bang of the fire-cracker and the explosion of the toy-pistol. They will likewise hear, if they listen intently enough, the cry of the small boy as he views the havoc that the toy-pistol has caused among his digits. And the undertaker will rejoice, and so will the surgeon, if he is sure that his bill will be paid.

At such a time as this it is befitting that we should point out some special circumstance that is worthy of the Fourth of July—the Declaration of Independence is getting a little stale now. The sale of the useless vessels of the navy will answer our purpose as well as anything else. Mr. Robeson ought indeed to be plethoric with happiness to live to see all his choice pets of the fleet knocked down to the highest bidder. It is much better that they should be thus disposed of than that they should sink by their own weight and rest peacefully on the calm bed of the ocean. There they would be useless, while, so long as they are floating safely in port, some of Mr. Robeson's friends who are in the junk business may wish to secure a little of the old iron and decrepit timber as keepsakes and as mementos of the things which Mr. Robeson loved so well. It must be hard for the ex-Secretary to see all these old favorite craft broken up on which he has patriotically lavished so much of the people's money; but there is a silver lining to every cloud, and Mr. Robeson need not despair. The new cruisers are yet to be built, and those who build them will surely have the benefit of his disinterested advice.

HELLO! Hello!

PUCK ON WHEELS

is coming along in a nice new dress, and will arrive ere the end of this month. That's all at present. Good-bye!

No, the dog does not eat watercresses. That is not because he is a dog, but because watercresses are not mutton-chops. So you see you were fooled, Althea. Give that to George when he caramels around next Saturday evening, and see what he does with it. But, dear, you may tie right up to this:

PICKINGS FROM PUCK

is good for the whole summer campaign, and may be had right along of all truly good news-dealers or from this office at the same old price of 25 cents.

THE CZAR'S FOURTH.

A PAGE FROM HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY'S DIARY.

ST. PETERSBURG, July 4th, 1883.

10 A. M.

A fine day. Rose at 8 and took my dynamite bath. I am trying to accustom my system to the inevitable; but I don't like it. Ate a light tallow breakfast and smoked a giant-powder cigarette. Found a Nihilist advertisement in my omelette, and suspect that my coffee was flavored with bird-shot.

11 A. M.

Grand popular demonstration with rend-rock under my window. Some of it came in and blew up my Lord Chamberlain. Shall have to get a new one.

11:27 A. M.

New Lord Chamberlain just destroyed. Ate a torpedo disguised as a Rimmel's cracker which was left in my wife's bon-bon box. Just as well. Must have been a fool if he thought a Rimmel's cracker was something to eat.

11:59 A. M.

Somebody has just pinned a Catherine-wheel to the tail of my coat. Probably a delicate compliment to the distinguished Empress. Wonder the bjinked fool didn't know she was dead.

12:57 P. M.

More popular demonstrations, this time under the South Wing. Spoiled the South Wing, also another Lord Chamberlain. Don't object to losing the South Wing: there were three mines under it already. But this waste of Lord Chamberlains is getting expensive. Have ordered a new one, and levied an extra tax for the maintenance of Lord Chamberlains. By-the-way, wonder which is the correct plural, Lord Chamberlains or Lords Chamberlain. Would go and look it up; but I think there is a torpedo under the dictionary.

2:33 P. M.

Luncheon spoiled by a lot of cartridges that had somehow got into my hash. Popular demonstrators threw a bomb through the window and frightened the baby. I like enthusiasm; but that baby is too young to rightly comprehend the warmth of the popular heart. Shall have either to get chilled-iron mosquito-nettings for the windows, or to have the baby armor-plated.

3:47 P. M.

Woke up from a nice little nap, and found a

Roman candle just about to go off in my left ear. This is growing familiar, and I hate familiarity with the person of a monarch. It is apt to spoil the monarch.

6:01 P. M.

The Empress got dissatisfied with my auditing of her milliner's bill, and I went down and sat in one of the mines in the cellar to give her time to cool down. Mine blew up; but I felt that I was better off.

9 P. M.

Dinner very good, although the substitution of rockets for candles is something that I cannot encourage. It looks like frivolity. Mixing vitriol in my train-oil also tended to impair my appetite. Just as we were finishing dessert, a double bob bjinked Nihilist came up under the window and threw his name in. Some of it hit the children and knocked them over the table, and the rest of it exploded on the carpet and spoiled about half of the Lords in Waiting.

10:07 P. M.

More popular demonstration. The courtyard of this palace looks like an aurora-borealis. Rolled a cigarette out of the powder smoke. Have now in all seven Lord Chamberlains and eleven Lords in Waiting on the ice, and there are two or three plates off my Krupp armor.

11:42 P. M.

It is my belief that somebody has dropped a bunch of fire-crackers down my back, and I know there is a pin-wheel fastened on the bald spot on the back of my head.

12 MIDNIGHT.

I have just cleared the torpedos out of my bed, and am going to turn in. I find, on looking over my diary, that I have let a few expressions of discontent escape me. This is all wrong. I have certainly had one of the quietest, pleasantest and most peaceful days I have enjoyed in a long time. From the evening papers I learn that this is a national holiday in the United States, and that it is celebrated in a distractingly noisy way. What an unfortunate thing for the Americans! I was wrong to indulge in any grumbling. As soon as the explosions in the preserve-closet are over, I will tumble off into balmy slumber.

NICHOLAS.

[The above page from the Imperial diary was obtained at great expense, and is reprinted in order to bring the light of reason to those people who "wish they lived in some country where there is no Fourth of July." Nothing else would induce us to invade the Czar's beautiful and peaceful privacy.]

Puckerings.

NONE BUT the fair deserves the stew.

THE DERNIER RESORT—A Bad Watering-Place.

NOW THE city maiden
Living in the mountains
All the time is sighing
For city soda-fountains.

COPTIC—The Policeman's Credit at the Corner Saloon.

THE NOTE THAT IS GENERALLY PROTESTED—The Canary's.

NOW THE airy summer rose
Scents the silent woodland close,
And the hornet stings the urchin
On his nose, nose, nose.

No, GENTLE MIKE, "Winnipeg" does not rhyme with "guinea-pig."

WHEN A MAN walks out in his slippers or patent-leather pumps, the grass is sure to be wet.

NOW THE robin's happy note
Through the breezy tree doth float,
And the maiden with her lover
Goes a-sailing in a boat.

THE GREAT beauty of the cord undershirt is that if it doesn't suit you you may convert it into a scap-net.

THE MOST puzzled being in this wide, wide world is the small boy who possesses one cent and doesn't know what to spend it for.

NOW SLENDER, graceful Chloe
Plucks the rose that's sweet and snowy,
And wears her flowered silken gown
Because she thinks it's showy.

IN CENTRAL PARK, the other day, it took an ostrich about half-an-hour to satisfy itself that a certain dude was not its long-lost brother.

THE MAN who will cheerfully exercise with twenty-pound dumb-bells for half-an-hour will grumble half-a-day if his wife asks him to spend two minutes in bringing up from the cellar a ten-pound scuttle of coal.

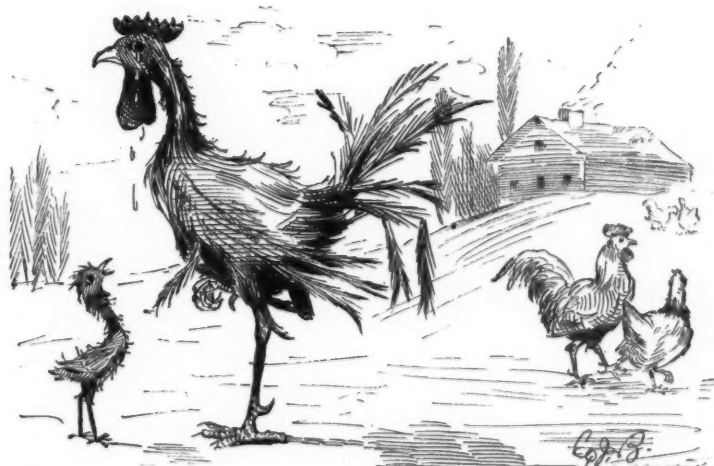
NOW THE shrewd old farmer lives
In the city, and it gives
Him a chance to dodge his ever-
Lasting city relatives.

IF THERE is anything that sickens a small boy and makes him feel about as uncomfortable as David Davis in the dog days, it is, when he is sitting on a pile of stones, surreptitiously viewing a game of base-ball through a knot-hole in the fence, to have some one step up behind and kick the stones from under him.

NOW THE snowy daisies swim
In the breezes by the rim
Of the brooklet where the hookey
Players swim, swim, swim.

WHEN THE cool breeze of evening has subsided sufficiently to enable the mosquito to remain in one spot, and a man is swinging idly to and fro in a hammock, and that mosquito comes near him, it fills him with keen disappointment to strike out with might and main at that insect, miss him, and go flying out of the hammock and down the stoop from the force of the blow.

FAMILY TROUBLES.



"My dear papa,
Why don't mama
Come feed me as she used ter?"

"Hush, Mary Jane"—
[aside]—"I can't explain;
She's with that other rooster."

A DREADFUL CONJURATION.



SCENE: A Blasted Political Heath. Chorus of Star-Route Witches

Slur on Arthur, mystic hint,
At McVeagh a sidelong squint,
Threat for Brewster, curse for Bliss,
Hint that James has part in this,

Innuendo base, untrue,
Threats of horrors we can do—
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

A DAMP TOUR.

CAPE MAY, June 30th.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

As you are always ready to give advice to those in trouble or distress, I venture to lay my unfortunate case before you, and trust you will give it due consideration.

I thought I would take my vacation early this year, and, after a long argument with my employer, who hates to see anybody enjoying himself, and who looks upon recreation as an affront to him personally, I started for Long Branch and engaged a room at a fashionable hotel. There were not many people infesting the place, but the few who were seemed worth cultivating, and I lost no time in endeavoring to make myself solid with them. One charming creature with blue eyes and golden hair won my heart without delay, and I determined to spin out my vacation as much as possible, in order to follow her about the country. The weather was extremely wet when I arrived, and, much as I admired Fausta McGideon—for that was the name of my heart's idol—I began to get a little wearied of sitting constantly in the hotel without being able to roam over the sands and breathe the usual mush-milk-and-sugar into her auricular appendage. So long as the rain kept me within doors I could not open my heart to Fausta McGideon, for her father, mother and sisters were always in the way.

But the steady down-pour still continued. At last I grew desperate, and, seizing my umbrella, I went into the parlor and entreated Fausta to take a walk with me in the rain. She put on her rubbers, and we walked along the bluff.

"I love you," said I to her tenderly, as we

sat in one of the summer-houses, and a large rain-drop coursed down my spine through a chink in the roof.

"It's of no use," returned Fausta; "my hair's all out of crimp, and we're going to Atlantic City to-morrow, and—"

"I'll follow you there," I interrupted, as the rain splashed over our feet.

"Please don't," she murmured, coldly: "I can't tell if I care for you until I know how much you get a week. Is it eight or nine dollars? Because nothing under a hundred and fifty comes up to my standard."

I was too much mortified to speak for a few moments, but afterward I whispered:

"I have made it a rule through life never to answer a leading question; you have put to me a leading question. I shall still continue to follow you, whatever the result may be."

"Well," Miss Fausta answered: "you know your own business best; but I don't want you."

We walked in silence back to the hotel, and, in spite of the rain, that same evening the McGideon family left for Atlantic City. I followed by the next train, and the subjoined diary will give a fair idea of my proceedings during the remainder of my vacation:

ATLANTIC CITY. TUESDAY.—As my money was getting short, I followed at a distance on foot the Victoria hired by the McGideons. The rain-fall is two inches. I am soaked to the skin, and can't go down to dinner until my clothes get dry.

WEDNESDAY.—Another deluge. The atmosphere damp enough to cut with a knife. Clothes and shoes not yet dry. Had to stay all day in bed in consequence. Saw nothing of the McGideons.

THURSDAY.—Managed to get on clothes. Rain still continues. Thought it might be dryer on the water. No sign of the McGideons. Went out in cat-boat. Boat capsized. Got wet again.

FRIDAY.—In bed all day, while garments are drying.

SATURDAY.—Learned that the McGideons had gone to Rockaway. Went there immediately. A little let-up in the rain, but still very damp. Met Fausta near the hotel office. Asked her if she had relented. Said she didn't know. This raised my hopes.

SUNDAY.—Raining a little harder than yesterday. Fausta cooler than ever. Perhaps it is the weather. Inspected pocket-book. Found I had but four dollars and seventy-five cents left.

MONDAY.—Went to New York, visited my uncle. Obtained thirty-seven dollars on my watch. Bought a two-dollar bouquet for Fausta. On presenting it, she said that she didn't believe it cost more than fifty cents, it looked so cheap and common. She kept it, but wouldn't speak to me all the evening. I begin to feel discouraged. In the evening went out for an airing. Got dreadfully soaked.

TUESDAY.—On coming down to breakfast, heard that the McGideons had suddenly taken it in their heads to go to Newport.

WEDNESDAY.—Have always heard that Newport is an expensive place. To New York again to raise some more cash. Borrowed fifty dollars of a friend, to whom I promised to refund money on return from my vacation.

THURSDAY.—To Newport. The whole town flooded. Such a state of things had not been known for years. Obligated to buy some new ready-made clothes, which made a hole in my fifty dollars. Discovered that the McGideons were staying with friends in a cottage. I had to pay four dollars a day at a hotel. Again in want of money. Took a walk on Bellevue Avenue in pouring rain. Saw Fausta McGideon out driving; she would not take the slightest notice of me. Raised money on my diamond scarf-pin at a local uncle's. Wonder now if I shall be able to hang on for the rest of the week without having to leave my board-bill unliquidated.

FRIDAY.—Examined my umbrella, and found it was not in fit condition to use again. Must buy another. Heavy rains: Angry letter from employer, ordering me back to New York. Saw the McGideons driving toward railroad. Found that they had gone to Cape May.

SATURDAY.—Never saw such rain in the whole course of my experience. Arrived at Cape May. Saw Fausta once more. She asked me to lend her five dollars. Of course I couldn't refuse. Cash in pocket—twenty-three cents. The rain is falling as I write. What am I to do?

Yours moistly,

NEPTUNE WATERHOUSE.

Wring yourself out, and sue Miss Fausta McGideon for breach of promise of marriage. Any lawyer will take the case up on spec.—
ED. PUCK.

ONE OF the mysteries that can never be solved is that a pair of socks that will stay up all right in the winter will come right down on the instep every five minutes in the summer.

AND NOW, before the young man goes to the country, he gets a lot of foreign labels, and when the ruralites look at his trunk and read such legends as "Via Queenstown," "Str. Bothnia," "Via Havre," &c., they think he has muchly traveled, and flock about him to hear about the Old World, while they regard him with silent awe and admiration.

WILLIAM BROWN'S TRIUMPH.

William Brown, the farmer lad,
Loved pretty Mary Lee;
But when he went to ask her hand,
The 'Squire indignantly
Did order him to leave the house
And never call again,
For Mary Lee should never wed
A man so poor and plain.
Her stepmother did back the 'Squire
In all he had to say;
And William Brown from Mary's house
Did sadly walk away.
That very week he left the farm
And went away to sea;
But vowed that he'd come back some day
And marry Mary Lee.
Meanwhile the stepmother had planned
To have her daughter wed
A city chap whose store of gold
Was plentiful, 't was said.
But she refused to marry him
And leave the little town;
She vowed she'd patient wait for the
Return of William Brown.

It was just five years from the time
That from her William sailed,
That 'Squire Lee was moaning loud
Because the crops had failed.
There was no golden harvest then
His mind with peace to charm,
And tearfully he thought about
The mortgage on the farm.
And when the chill November winds
The leaflets put to rout,
The sheriff came to sell the place
And put the 'Squire out.
And homeless would he have to beg
All through his native town;
But, when the buyer told his name,
They found 't was William Brown.
He had come back to stay for good,
And never more to roam,
And told the 'Squire to get right out
Of that there cosy home.
The 'Squire had to get him out,
And on his weary legs
He goes about his native town
And begs, and begs, and begs.
And William wedded another girl,
And when the 'Squire doth jog
Unto his house to ask for bread,
He simply gets the dog.

A STUDY IN ENTOMOLOGY.

The fly's system of warfare is patterned after that of the Arabs. He returns to the original point of attack with the most maddening persistency, often selecting the rim of the ear as an especially vulnerable spot; and, when shooed away, he outrages the tympanum by a discordant wing-effect that is like the vicious slam with which an impudent person will close a door in your face.

The fly's audacity is unparalleled among insects. So sordid an insect as the mahogany flat, even, ready enough to tap you in the dark, will turn tail and run with speed when he perceives that he has become the object of your scrutiny, thanking his stars if lucky enough to escape. He feels his inferiority; he is conscience-stricken; his instinct warns him that he is *de trop*, and he silently glides away, if permitted, without talking back. He does not need the emphatic, reiterated remonstrances that we have to address to the fly before he will go away.

How irreconcilable it seems to our just notions of propriety and the fitness of things for any object in nature to wish to play "tag" at five o'clock in the morning! How exasperating to heavy eyes is a spectacle of such infernal briskness and levity! There is a band of flies that invariably turns up in my bed-room shortly after daylight, and who chase each other over my face. How I hate them! When the game is once fairly started it is quite useless for me to seek further repose. I have to get up to please these flies.

Another insect I do not like is the cockroach

or croton-bug. He is best known to us as a blonde, but he has smaller black brothers. He has always an air of being intoxicated; he skates frantically across the table where you are eating, or tumbles headlong from the wall into your plate or cup. He seems to be always lost, and in a maddening hurry to keep important engagements at forgotten places of appointment. His haggard, troubled air arouses suspicion and resentment.

He, too, is impertinently heedless of your rights as a man and a brother. His eggs (he must be all hollow to be able to lay such big ones) are left carelessly about among your tooth-brushes and your shaving-cups. You find wings and legs he has apparently discarded, or has lost in battle, in places where they should not be. He is unscrupulous; he is untidy; he inspires hatred; you feel like destroying him; he is a revolting insect. He seems to be conscious of a load of guilt, for when he sees you looking at him he becomes crazed, and runs in several different directions at once. Oh, I loathe him! If you dissect him you will find that he has wings; but he does not seem to know how to use them; you never see him sailing in the air.

An insect one never hears any good spoken of is the mosquito; yet, while he certainly has some traits of character that are censurable, there are, I think, some traits about him one may admire.

His taste in dress is severely simple and unostentatious. While many of his brother-insects affect gaudy colors, and run to extremes of style—the mahogany flat, for example, flaunting a red necktie, the cockroach, adopting the drooping moustachios of Hildebrandt Montrose, and the zebra* seldom appearing in public except in

*NOTE BY THE EDITOR: The size of the zebra, by-the-way, entitles him to be classified rather as a bird than an insect.

striped trousers of the loudest pattern—we can generally depend on finding the mosquito toggled out in sober, respectable gray.

His personal appearance is in the highest degree reassuring. Melancholy of aspect, mild of feature, and of easy yet dignified bearing, he goes about his business with none of the fly's appearance of bluster or bravado, but rather as one having a painful duty to perform. As he pumps himself full of blood, the agreeable certainty that he is in our power, and that he will make nothing like the muss a fly does when squashed, appeases our ire, and we destroy him by a mild slap while he is engaged in his task, without feeling any of the bitter resentment inspired by the nefarious machinations of the mahogany flat.

The mosquito's merits will bear looking into. Had he the robust constitution and agility of the fly, and were his tribe as numerous, how burdensome would he render our existence! It is his forbearance in not emulating the sinister accomplishments of his abandoned brother-insect that claims our gratitude. The fact is, he is an exile, a refugee, and not in sympathy with our cold Northern race. As he floats dreamily in at the window, he brings memories of a warmer and more passionate clime; I see the flash of dark eyes, the polished gleam of braceleted arms, loosely draped; I scent the perfumed cigarette; I hear the tinkle of the guitar and the sound of the castanet. For an instant I seem to be in that far-off land of Romance, in the days before

"Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away."

Then I turn to my wife with the remark:

"Mary Ann, unless it is your desire that I should seek employment at the museums as a Tattooed Man, I wish that you would put up those mosquito-bars at the windows."

"30"

THE MODERN LOTOS-EATERS.



THE FOOD THAT MAKES AN AMERICAN BOSS OUT OF AN "ASSISTED" IRISH BOG-TROTTER.

OVERHEARD AT THE RACES.



"SAY, CULL, LEND ME YER LOOKERS A MINUTE; I WANT TO TAKE IN DER FINISH!"

ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.

FACTS TENDING TO THROW LIGHT ON THE QUESTION:
"DO DUDES REASON?"

It is now a fashion among club men to place winking dudes in the club windows along the avenue, and it is said that these dudes can discriminate with almost human sagacity between a pretty girl and an old woman.

It is stated that many of the dudes at Delmonico's and the Brunswick can distinguish the various brands of champagne by their labels, and that one or two can add up the totals of the checks which the waiters give them to take to their fathers.

A dude that lives on Fifth Avenue was recently observed, while very much under the influence of champagne, to go to its tailor and pay its bill. The gentleman who owns the dude vouches for the truth of this fact, and shows the receipted bill in proof of his statement. This conclusively proves that the dude is capable of becoming intoxicated like a human being.

A dude was taken, the other day, to a sparring-match. It observed intently the performance of the contestants, and appeared to understand and to be pleased with what it saw. A few days after it was discovered, with another dude, imitating the motions of the pugilists, and, it is said, with some accuracy. Nor did they cease this clever piece of mimicry until one of them hurt its knuckles on the teeth of the other.

A dude owned in Madison Avenue was recently deprived of its master of its high standing collar. The grief of the poor animal was pitiful to witness. There was a clearly discernible expression of misery in its eyes, and apparently the facial muscles were slightly moved in sympathy. It refused food, and could not be tempted even by Albert biscuit dipped in champagne. Finally the collar was

returned to it, whereupon it manifested a lively gratification and did not for some hours relapse into its normal imperturbability.

It is said that the genuineness of a dude may be tested by showing it a buckwheat-cake. The sham dude instantly faints, while in the true dude the look of hauteur and the perfect immobility of the features are merely intensified, and the sufferer remains for some hours in a semi-paralyzed condition, unable to move, but retaining complete control of its mental faculties. So far as the keenest observer has been able to discover, there is not the slightest difference between the intellectual faculties of the dude whether paralyzed or unparalyzed.

As two dudes were walking on Broadway the other day, one of them came in contact with a slight breeze, and was thrown down on the hard pavement. Its companion at once moved toward the sufferer, picked it up, set it on its feet and carefully dusted off its clothes. The two then shook hands and proceeded on their way. This touching little anecdote tends to show that the dude possesses the sentiments of sympathy and kindness; and some observers of the scene declare that in the face of the dude that had been helped to its feet there was the trace of an expression which might be taken to show that it felt an emotion of gratitude to its benevolent companion.

It has generally been denied that the dude possesses the higher forms of human affection; but it is said on excellent authority that two dudes living near Central Park lately conceived a strong affection for a young lady of the neighborhood who out of kindness had occasionally noticed them. Each of the dudes appeared, by his actions, to be jealous of the other, and one afternoon, happening to meet in front of the young lady's door, they engaged in combat, for which, it seems, they had come prepared. Each had brought a feather with him, and with these weapons they attacked one another furiously, fighting until one ran away. The vanquished dude has not been seen since.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CCLXXXVIII.

THE STATE CAMP.



Ya-as, I have just weturned fwom a place called Peekskill, where certain wegiments of vol-untee-ahs are taking it in turns to encamp durwing the summah. I weceived a special invitation to inspect these amateur twoops, and, as it

came fwom the staff, I aw accepted, and durwing the severwal days I stayed there I weceived verwy fai-ah tweatment.

I know verwy little about soldierwing, unless it is carwied on by wegulahs; but still it affords me considerwable satisfaction to see a lot of fellaws dwessed alike, with some pwetensions to dwill, being exercised. When the bayonets are bwight, and the aw dwums beat, and the band plays pwetty tunes, and the colors are being flourwished about in the air, I fwequently feel inspirwited.

The wegiment that happened to be there durwing my stay was one that is called the Seventh. It numbahs seven or eight hundwed men, and I am informed that the gweat majorwity are not countah-jumpahs or clerks, but stock-bwok-ahs and pwofessional men, and othah fellaws who are not obliged to work faw their bwead and buttah.

I wondahed, when I gazed on these gway-coated youngstahs, if they would give a good account of themselves in a weal fight. I desay they would; but it appe-ahs to me that there is a little too much fwivolity about the organization to make it all that is aw desirwable. I don't believe in aw playing at soldiers, neithah am I convinced that it is necessarwy faw Amerwica to have a large wegulah army; but if there is a militiah, it ought to be pwopahly organized, and each individual Amerwican ought to be interwested in it. I wish Jack Carnegie were he-ah.

He, as a militarwy man, would have some wemarks to make on the subject. I have often heard him say that Amerwicans should be obliged to serve in a militiah wegiment just as they now serve on jurwies. Not to have to wemain away fwom home as they do in Europe, but for a certain number of men in each distwict to be wegulahly dwilled once or twice a month faw two or thwee ye-ahs. This would pwovide the countwy with the necessarwy defense without making it too aw militarwy.

Howevah, I must say that these fellaws made it excessively agweeable faw me. Of course, a camp of eight hundwed men is a verwy twivial affai-ah, and there can be no extended evolutions with such a me-ah handfule. But the social aspect of the affai-ah was attwactive. The wows of white tents and the aw differwent stweets look verwy pwetty, and the fellaws in uniform moving about give quite a martial air to the spot. I don't think it would be possible to get up a picnic to last faw a week that could be so fai-ahly enjoyable.

Some of the tents of the officers are quite luxurwiously fitted up with furniture—not at all adapted faw campaigning, but well enough faw such camping wecweation. At times I could almost fancy I was twansported to Wimbledon, where the camping-out is simply incidental to the wifle-shooting aw.

MISS WOOLSON'S new novel, "For the Major," is Caviare to the General.

THE PLUMBERS' CONVENTION.

Never since a white man set foot on this North American Continent has there been such a striking display of wealth, elegance and luxury as was exhibited at the Plumbers' Convention that was held in the Masonic Hall of this city last week.

Perhaps the nearest approach to it was the Vanderbilt fancy dress ball; but that entertainment was for one night only, although it was unquestionably very fine of its kind, whereas the Plumbers' Convention lasted for several days, and, while not absolutely so showy an affair as the ball, was much more solidly magnificent and expensive.

None but millionaires were present, it being one of the rules of the plumbers' organization to refuse to admit any one as a member who cannot exhibit United States bonds aggregating a million. Nine hundred thousand dollars will not do. A committee of the wealthiest plumbers stood without the door, with scales, compasses and measuring-instruments, to weigh and examine the solitaire diamond of each member as he presented himself for admission. No man was allowed to enter unless the gem was of proper quality, and two or three Southern plumbers were ignominiously ejected from the building for trying to pass off paltry fifty-thousand-dollar diamonds for double the real value.

"Next time I see any of you fellows sneaking around here and trying to get in on false pretenses," said the angry plumber janitor: "I'll have you locked up for disorderly conduct."

We can't afford the room to describe the gorgeous hangings, the magnificence of the decorations, the gold services of plate set with priceless jewels, and the superbly rich costume of each plumber.

When we say that every member rode a pure-blooded Arabian steed with a jeweled saddle and otherwise perfectly caparisoned, and that each animal was held by a Niagara hackman, for groom, who was attired in a full suit of armor made of twenty-dollar gold-pieces, the difficulty of conveying any idea of the staggering magnificence of the affair will be understood.

Ineffable Boss Plumber Mr. Croesus Sewergas called the Convention to order, and, in the course of his address of welcome, said:

"We have met here chiefly to protest against the tyranny and meanness of the public. We don't charge them enough for the work we do, and yet they always grumble at the bills. Why, sir, I knew one of the most gentlemanly members of our profession, who, for feeling the pulse of the kitchen pump-handle and using the stethoscope on the boiler, sent in a paltry bill for \$250. What did the proprietor do? Why, he refused to pay. And what did the gentlemanly member of our profession

do? In the goodness of his heart, he took off ten per cent. Did the proprietor pay? He did not. Then our friend and brother sued him, and got a verdict. Now, this is the sort of thing we have to put up with all the time, and we must fight against it. But what surprises me more than anything is the ghastly ingratitude of some people, especially the doctors. We do everything we possibly can to put business in their way, and what return do we get? Why, gentlemen, they go back on us. They spend their time in abusing our work. They forget all the good we have done them by plumbing for their benefit. They forget the diphtheria, malaria, scarlet fever, typhoid fever, blood-poisoning and a hundred other diseases that we have encouraged, fostered—aye, in some instances created for their benefit. But, above all, our greatest enemy, and the one against whom we must fight *pro aris et focis*—that's Latin, gentlemen—is the sanitary engineer. This slimy sneak spends his life in poking about all our work, and making us take it up again, especially when we've done anything of which we're particularly proud. What does a sanitary engineer know about plumbing, anyhow?"

After further remarks from a number of the other delegates, the Convention went to luncheon. The feast was unique. It comprised nightingales' tongues on toast, pearls dissolved in Falernian wine of the vintage of 245 B. C., and sandwiches made of slices of diamond-dust bread and thousand-dollar bills.

PUCK AT THE PLAY-HOUSE.

"Prince Methusalem" was the attraction at the COSMOPOLITAN THEATRE last Wednesday evening. It is full of dance music in Strauss's best style, and ought to become popular. The dresses are handsome, and the story is sufficiently interesting to amuse summer audiences, and we don't think it would pall on winter ones, either. The acting is better than the singing, but each repetition shows an improvement. Herr Adolphi and Madame Lube carry off the honors, and a small negro boy, as train-bearer to *Sophistica*, (Madame Lube,) is not the least amusing feature of the performance.

There was a very interesting meeting of the American Athletic Club at the Manhattan Grounds a week ago, and Myers won a splendid race to the satisfaction of everybody but the judges; yet there was only a sprinkling of spectators. What this great American public wants to draw it out is a sole-leather clambake, a slugging-match and a tin-headed idiot who lets himself be fired out of a wooden cannon with a spring in it. Then it can pat its own ear and think it is patronizing sport.

Answers for the Anxious.

REJECTED manuscripts, when tied up in a bunch, PUCK charitably sends unto the London *Punch*.

SIR LOIN.—Thanks.

V. ALDRIDGE.—Thanks.

HASELTINE.—She celebrates.

J. W. E.—Some other trip. Thanks, all the same.

C. F. H.—It's our fault, of course, but we don't see the point.

F. H. H.—You have evidently caught a slather of St. Louis culture on your way eastward. The Pup smiles on your poem.

BRAD FORD, jr.—Your dude poem is No. 32,911 on our books. It will make one 14½ collar. Want any more statistics?

W. C. B.—"That Girl at the Masquerade" can never be ours. We regret that we must drag out our lives apart; but it can't be helped.

C. H.—Come here and we will introduce you to the proof-reader. He is a brother of John L. Sullivan, a cousin of Dr. Bogardus, wears three-decker boots, goes in for a meat diet exclusively, and likes to meet polite people.

J. E. E., Baltimore.—

~~We cannot undertake to return Rejected Communications.~~ We cannot undertake to send ~~postal-cards to inquiring contributors.~~ We cannot undertake to pay attention to stamps ~~or stamped envelopes.~~ We cannot undertake to say this more than one-hundred-and-fifty times more.

WE ARE GLAD TO HEAR IT.

OFFICE OF FRANCIS D. MOULTON & Co., }
NEW YORK, June 29th, 1883. }

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

I thank you for making me the best-looking fellow of your picture; but you have done an injustice to Lot's wife and to me. She needed no protection after she was turned into a pillar of salt, and no ancestor of mine at that time forbade anyone to approach her; and I am not in accord now with anyone who would protect salt, bearing the shape of woman or otherwise. A seller of salt, I would, if I could, place a cellar of salt free on all tables. American salt, like American artists, needs no protection. Let them forget duty and embrace their privileges. I remain your obedient servant,

FRANCIS D. MOULTON.

THE DAY THAT CELEBRATES ITSELF.



OUR ARTIST'S FUSILLADE FOR THE FOURTH.



PUT 'EM ON
Puck's Plan to Keep Our "Statesmen" and Qu



'E ON ICE!
men" and Quiet Until Presidential-Campaign-Time.

O TERRIER!

O breezy, airy Terrier, your satire's so complete,
That, if you persist in writing your observations
bright and neat,
The Terriers of the Sunday sheets will abbreviate
their horns,
For, my ubiquitous, gay Terrier, you are treading
on their corns.

By-the-way, I missed you at the coronation of
the Czar—
I sought for you, and found you not; but the
Terrier of the *Star*
Was there—well, he'll say he was—and he will
also say
That with U. S. Grant he "chatted," down on
Coney, the next day.

Didn't we have a glorious time when Jay G.
launched his yacht?
We sat cheek by jowl with Gladstone, an hour
after, did we not?
And when Roscoe lost his oilmargarine case,
in Kansas City,
I sat close beside his royal nibs when you murmured:
"What a pity!"

When Beresford knocked Jem Mace out, I
looked for you in vain—
By Eros! you were quaffing wine with Wales
in Drury Lane!
By gad! I found you, later on, in a reckless
mood and merry,
Giving points to Henry Irving and his leading
lady, Terry!

We both saw, at the Polo Grounds, to-day, the
"Mets" play ball—
Please to recollect, to-night we on King Alfonso
call.

To-morrow night, in Paree, remember, "you
and me"
Dine with Got, Victor Hugo, Al Daudet and
Sarah B.

I heard Chet Arthur say, to-day: "I want to
see PUCK's Terrier,
And then I'll tend to business in a better mood
and merrier."
I told him you had crossed the Pond to drop a
tear of sorrow
O'er the grave of Avon William—but that you'd
be back to-morrow.

"By gad!" he said: "what mean you? Of such
a thing I never heard!
No man could ever do it, excepting Sir Boyle
Roach's bird.*

What! come from London to New York—and
in a day?" A caper,
I told him, that the Terrier of the *Star* had
done—on paper.

O hairy, wary Terrier, it you will but suppress
The lying Terriers of New York, you'll get to
heaven, I guess.

Ridicule's a weapon will lay the most offensive
low—

If well applied by a brilliant, breezy Terrier,
don't you know?

JOHN E. McCANN.

* You always maintained that Chet was an Irishman.

CURRENT COMMENT.

It is the first straw that breaks the back of
the mint-julep.

THIS IS THE SEASON of the year at which a
man out of employment starts a sea-side paper
and calls it the *Surf* or the *Spray* or the *Hard-
Crab*, or something of that kind.

WHY IS IT that a dog will always go out of
his way to walk on a painted stoop, and not be
able to get off it, when shouted at, without step-
ping on every square inch of it?

Now the clerk proclaims he's sick,
And he quickly chases
Down Broadway to catch the boat
For the Coney Races.

And that fellow *does* feel sick,
And commences fretting,
When he meets his employer there
On the races betting.

IT MAKES a man just about crazy, when he is
off on a picnic up the Hudson, and has wan-
dered way off into the woods in the afternoon,
to suddenly hear a whistle, and almost break
his back, and get into a terrible lather of per-
spiration running to catch the boat, and, upon
arriving at the dock, to learn that the whistle
he heard did not emanate from the boat at all,
but from a kindling-wood factory half-a-mile up
the river.

THIS IS the time of the year at which a man
takes his boys out in the yard on Sunday and
cuts their hair. And when they walk out on
the street with no two hairs on their heads the
same length, and their companions sneak up
behind them and grab their hats off, and call
on the crowd to observe the crops in all their
wild picturesqueness, those boys feel about as
mean as a fur-dealer in July, and wish their fa-
ther all sorts of pain and financial distress.

Now
We
See
How
Angelina braves
The splashing
And the dashing
Of the waves
On the beach
Each
Gay
Day,

And she sits on the shore, with a merrimental
toot,
To show the lookers-on she has a nobby bath-
ing-suit.

ELISHA OF SKENEATELES.

And Elisha went up from Skeneateles unto
Sixth Avenue; and as he was going up by the
way, there came forth street Arabs out of the
city and mocked him, and inquired the price
of hay-seed, and said unto him: "Shoot the
hat."

And he turned back, and looked on them and
cussed them in the name of Captain Williams.
And there came forth two policemen out of
Twenty-seventh Street and played duets on the
pates of forty-and-two of them with their little
clubs.

And Elisha went from thence to the Empire
Garden, and from thence he returned to Ske-
neateles.

THOSE PATENT REVOLVING FANS.



THEY ARE ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR OFFICE USE.

CHINBAD THE TAILOR.

There was once a tailor whose name was Chinbad. It is said that within five minutes after first seeing the light of this world he recited the laws of the Medes and Persians in Choctaw. From the beginning he was a great conversationalist. By way of amusement, he was accustomed to converse with unknown interlocutors in the dead of night—often laboring under the impression that they were a great distance off. From this facility of speech he was named Chinbad; and it is said that during the ceremonial of baptism he got in at least seven syllables and a half to the minister's one.

Chinbad was a bright boy in school. He never had his lessons; but of this fact the teacher was not aware, for, when called upon to recite, he never left out but two words in the English language, and these were Zenas and Xylophone, which were blotted out in his dictionary. He was great as a speaker. It is said that upon one occasion he declaimed so long that the legs of the stove got tired, and it squatted down on its hind-quarters like a dog.

Chinbad went to college at the age of fifteen, and immediately took the lead of his class—in sassing the professor. In his sophomore year Chinbad was engaged by the trustees to tutor the seniors of the college in metaphysics, as his language was more involved and mystical than that of any of the wise men of the institution. He filled this position with credit, meanwhile continuing his regular course of studies, and on Sundays preaching in the neighboring towns and villages, for his theological vocabulary was so large that on seven distinct occasions it burst the leather case in which his sermons were carried, and dislocated the sexton's jaw when he attempted to pick it up with the gas-lighter. Chinbad's graduation-piece was the most wonderful display of oratorical pyrotechnics ever produced by the institution which had the honor of introducing him to the world. There were ten speakers on the list, and Chinbad was first; but when he finished the envious and exhausted gas had been burning for more than three hours, and physicians were moving rapidly to and fro in the audience, attempting to revive those who were still feebly kicking and gasping for air. The other speakers were all "excused," and Chinbad bore off the honors of the occasion.

Now, fairly thrown upon the world, the great question of life stared Chinbad in the face. "What shall I do for a living?" he asked himself, as he pensively removed the ribbon from his sheep-skin and tied it around the neck of his tobacco-bag: "Shall I go into politics? Ah, no! that is too quiet a trade—there is no chance for chicanery. Law?—father, I cannot tell a lie. The ministry?—I am tired of that. Shall I take a soft sit as a professor, and lounge my days away, gloating over the intellectual agonies of others, with the book wide open before my lazy eyes? Perish, unworthy thought. Authorship?—no, no! I, who have so many other resources, will not rob the poor toilers who are only fit to labor in that hard-worked field. Medicine?—faugh! I will have none of it. Business?—that is worth thinking of. There is money in business: it gives opportunity for exercising one's wits; and, what is more, it provides for the constant use of eloquence. The great talker is the great business man. Consequently, the most talkative trade is the most lucrative. I have it!—I will be a tailor! Eureka! the problem is solved!"

So saying, Chinbad threw his diploma into the fire, and went out and rented a small corner store with a big glass window. Having exhausted his credit, as well as his ready money, in buying his commencement outfit, the brilliant idea struck him that he would set up in trade with the aforesaid habiliments. He accordingly pinned his handkerchief over the

A CLOSE QUESTION.



"SAY, WIFE, HADN'T WE BETTER PUT YOUR CLOTHES IN THE HOUSE AND LIVE IN THE TRUNK? GET MORE SPACE, YOU KNOW."

window, disrobed, and hung his splendid broadcloth suit behind the plate-glass.

It was now evening, and the streets were filled with shoppers. Chinbad lighted a small candle, dexterously snatched the handkerchief from the window, and fled into the back-room. People began to stop and look in at the glistening garments. The brand-new spike-tail shone like a fresh hay-fork, and the fashionably tight doe-skin trousers and elegantly shaped vest were the admiration of all who passed.

Presently the door opened and a customer entered. The minute he struck the threshold the flood-gates of Chinbad's eloquence were opened. The customer stared—there was no one to be seen, and yet from every corner and crevice of the little room seemed to pour the dulcet, silver sounds of insinuating persuasion. A weird fascination took hold upon him. He saw not the glittering eye of Chinbad holding him through the crack of the little back-room door. Presently, moved by some unaccountable impulse, he drew near and touched the shining garments; he held up the slender leg of the pantaloons, and the mysterious voice spake sweetly and witchingly, albeit in diviner accents, the bland platitude:

"All wool, and a yard wide."

It was too much. The reeling customer's hand sought his pocket. With a far-away look, as though listening to the song of the sirens on some rocky coast, he drew forth a fat wallet and rapturously laid a roll of bills upon the counter. Then, with a blissful sigh, as when some long-repulsed lover finally gathers the yielding fair one to his bosom, the young man clasped the classic habiliments in his embrace, and bore them triumphantly into the night.

From that time forward Chinbad the Tailor made money hand-over-hand. With the price of his commencement robes he bought forty-five shoddy suits, one of which adorned his manly person, and enabled him to add the charms of his distinguished presence to those of his incomparable eloquence. Trade flowed in upon him. No one who entered the little store on the corner ever departed without bearing a parcel under his arm.

One day the venerable president of Chinbad's Alma Mater stepped in to shake hands with the young graduate, and in fifteen minutes he emerged with a flash checked-suit and a red neck-tie under his arm. Such were the charms of Chinbad's eloquence.

He still lives and prospers, the king of tailors, the prince of inoffensive pirates—probably the most effective public speaker in the land. May his shoddy never grow less.

PAUL PASTNOR.

PARABLE OF THE GOODLITTLEBOY.

There was once a goodlittleboy, who supported his father by selling newspapers. And a badboy snatched away his papers one day and rushed off. And the goodlittleboy lifted up his voice and wept sorely. And the passers-by, learning what had befallen him, dropped pennies and nickels into his hand to twice the value of the papers he had lost. And he went away comforted.

And it came to pass, that when the badboy beheld these things from behind a tree, he marveled and said: "Verily, I have struck the wrong lay; let us have a fresh deal."

And he dumped the goodlittleboy's papers down a convenient sewer, and then lifted his voice and wept sorely. And the passers-by spoke unto him and said: "Why weepest thou?" And he said: "I have lost my papers."

And, lo and behold, the crowd responded: "We have tumbled unto thy little game!" And thereupon they laid hold upon his raiment and dumped him down the sewer, that he might regain the papers he had lost there.

SIR LOIN.

THERE IS a restaurant on Third Avenue kept by one Christopher Columbus. We presume that at this place one can readily get eggs stood on end.

SEE
The
Bee
Flee
Across the lea
To deck
The small boy's neck
With a lump
The size of the nozzle of a pump.
Hear the boy shout.
What is it all about?
Why, the bee has got in its work,
Or rather its dirk,
And the boy indulges not in laughter.
Hereafter
He will probably think it best
Not to shy a brick into a bees' nest.

THERE ARE seven thousand grains in a pound, and each pound of honey represents two million five hundred thousand clover tubes sucked by bees. On the same principle, one hundred church-fair stews represent the essence of a single oyster.

PET PHRASES

WHICH WE HOPE NEVER TO SEE AGAIN IN THE
COLUMNS OF OUR ESTEEMED CONTEMPORARIES.

On dit. _____
Little game. _____
Gilded youth. _____
Squalid misery. _____
A rabid canine. _____
A buxom damsel. _____
The beaten track. _____
Fat, fair and forty. _____
An army of waiters. _____
The genial boniface. _____
Devoted his energies. _____
A miserable pittance. _____
Verge of destruction. _____
The water was lumpy. _____
The song of the syren. _____
The sporting fraternity. _____

A hotly-contested finish. _____
The knowing ones say— _____
Revenons à nos moutons. _____
Devotees of the manly art. _____
An extensive acquaintance _____
Afford a temporary shelter. _____
The gentlemanly proprietor. _____
Justice has again miscarried. _____
Confusion worse confounded. _____
It is shrewdly surmised that— _____
Worthy the pencil of Hogarth. _____
Members of the fistic profession. _____
Documents may some day see the light. _____
She walked the water like a thing of life. _____
The guests then partook of a bountiful re-
past. _____
The intelligent four-year-old daughter of Mr.
Smith. _____
There was yesterday another stormy session
of the Board of Aldermen. _____

THE MANDARIN, AH FOO.

Far off, in distant China, dwells
The Mandarin, Ah Foo;
His cap has thirty-seven bells,
His clothes are all sky-blue.

His queue has seventeen feet of hair,
And seven feet of silk;
His breath is largely formed of air,
His diet, largely milk.

When he goes out to walk the town,
Full twenty-seven boys
Keep his best tail from dragging down,
And fill the street with noise.

And all the people he may meet,
They bend in stately wise,
And sagely watch his sandaled feet
From out their almond eyes.

For if Ah Foo should angry get
At things that chance to be,
He always drinks, if dry or wet,
Full seventy cups of tea.

And when exhilarated by
This vast amount of drink,
He sits, or else perchance doth lie,
And nothing does but wink.

And all the town in sadness mourns,
No business can they do,
Till on full forty-seven horns
Shall blow the great Ah Foo.

It chanced that on a summer day,
The weather being hot,
Ah Foo, where the brook doth stray,
Sought out a shady spot.

And as he down the stream did look,
While leaning on a tree,
He saw a maiden read a book,
And very fair was she.

And then he pulled his Sunday tail,
And stroked his pensive chin,
And said: "Ah, yes, this cannot fail
To be the sweet I Sin."

He coughed, the maiden's studious gaze
Was kept upon the page,
For she was versed in worldly ways
And thirty years of age.

And poor Ah Foo fell deep in love,
And also in the brook,
His weight did quite extensive prove,
His jaws with dampness shook.

But fair I Sin, she let her eyes
Turn full upon his face;
Their light was like the summer skies,
And quickly warmed the place.

And so he sank upon his knees,
And offered all his rats,
His Sunday tail, and box of teas,
And fifty-seven mats,

If she would cheer him all his life
As she that day had done,
And be, forsooth, his own sweet wife,
His moon, and stars, and sun.

And Miss I Sin, who long had sought
To snare the great Ah Foo,
A wedding-dress of scarlet bought,
To match his gowns of blue.

THOS. S. COLLIER.

WHAT WE ARE COMING TO;
OR, MARRIAGE IN THE FUTURE.



SUITOR:—"FOR THIRTY LONG YEARS, SIR, I HAVE LOVED YOUR DAUGHTER, AND HAVE AT LAST
ACQUIRED SUFFICIENT FORTUNE TO SUPPORT HER IN THE STYLE TO WHICH SHE IS ACCUSTOMED. I ASK
HER HAND."

PAPA:—"BLESS YOU, MY CHILDREN, BLESS YOU!"

CASTORIA.
Stomachs will sour and milk will curdle
In spite of doctors and the cradle;
Thus it was that our pet Victoria
Made home howl until sweet CASTORIA
Cured her pains—then for peaceful slumber
All said our prayers and slept like thunder.

When those who suffer with Itching Piles try the
Swayne's Ointment, all doubts cease as to its worth.

Second Edition!

Second Edition!

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PUCK'S RURAL LOCALETTES.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF PATENT-INSIDES.

[These notices will be found thoroughly trustworthy, and may be safely used by any country weekly.]

De Lacy is selling eight collar-buttons for five cents.

Justice of the Peace Ormsby has purchased a lawn-tennis set.

There is some talk of having the Presbyterian organ tuned.

John Smith, of Boston, spent Sunday with friends at Edgecomb.

Last week the post-office was supplied with eight green cuspidors.

The ice-cream business is booming at Mellick's, on Main Street.

'Squire Bixby swapped horses with Elder Jenkins last Thursday.

Widow Myers had her Brussels carpet beaten the day before yesterday.

Miss Esmeralda Tompkins has sold her village-cart to Letitia Moore.

The Smugg House opened on Tuesday, and is already pretty well filled with guests.

Joel Metcalf's tom-cat had a fit at twenty-two minutes after three last Friday afternoon.

It is rumored down Edgecomb way that Miss Mary Wintergreen will soon change her name.

Judge Smith will be asked to become superintendent of the Methodist Sunday-school next Fall.

Little Tommy Jones caught cold while running through the wet grass for a base-

ball on Saturday, and had croup. Dr. Irish was called in, and he settled the croup in short order.

Miss Mamie Peck entertained the members of the Dorcas Sewing Society last Thursday evening.

During the heavy thunder-storm on Wednesday afternoon Selectman Jackson's corn-crib was struck by lightning.

You can get a nice artificial eye to harmonize with any complexion at Scanlan's, on Court Street, for three dollars and a half.

While sharpening his carving-knife on the window-sill last Sunday, Reuel Mallory dropped his stor-eteeth and smashed them to pieces on a stone.

The village-pump ran dry the other day; but it has since been repaired, and, it is to be hoped, will remain in good order for the rest of the summer.

Remember the Grogans, Mike and Minnie, at the Opera House, next Monday and Tuesday evenings. For particulars, see advertisement on another page.

John Glenn's boy, Dick, killed a large water-snake last Monday at Flood's Pond, and in it were thirty-seven little snakes. This is not a snake-story, but is true.

Yesterday Selectman Thompson stood and laughed for five minutes while watching Ezra Hutchins's dog trying to knock a fly off the top of its head with one of its hind-legs.

SUMMER-RESORT NOTES.

HOW THE HOTEL-KEEPERS ARE PREPARING FOR THE SEASON.

THE TABLES at Mount Desert, this summer, will be waited on by sophomores only.

ONE OF THE FEATURES of the Tip-Top House, White Mountains, this summer, will be a grand yacht-race.

FAR ROCKAWAY will this season have a perpetual circus and menagerie, which will embrace a real sea-serpent.

MANHATTAN BEACH will have three-card-monte men this year that are perfectly honest, and will allow a countryman to win once in a while.

LONG BRANCH will be supplied, this summer, with bathing-masters who know how to swim, and are not afraid to go in the water in cases of accident.

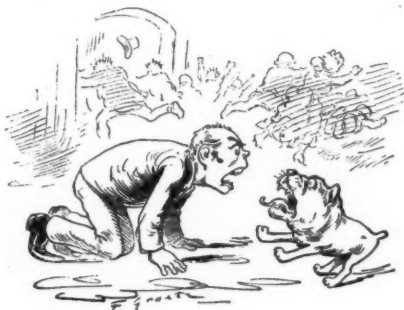
A COUPLE of imported poets will give sword-swallowing parlor entertainments at all the leading watering-places this year. They have taken the hint from Oscar Wilde.

PITTSFIELD, Mass., has a new hotel this year, and one of its rules is to have a hatchet hung on the back of each chair in the dining-room, in order to enable the diners to cut the spring-chicken.

A WELL-KNOWN Newport restaurateur, who is famous for his integrity, is distributing printed copies of his affidavit to the effect that this summer his clam-chowder will be honest and contain no foreign matter, such as harness, boot-heels and rubber.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD offers unusual attractions this year. It is to have an imported cornetist, and it claims to have made an arrangement, at a great expense, with a foreign sea-serpent, which will appear twice a week during the season.

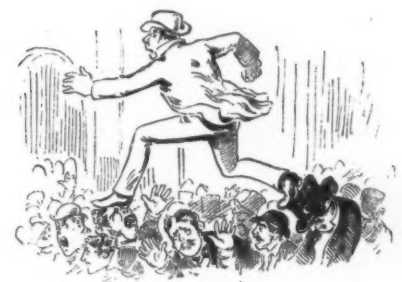
PUCK'S PANIC POINTS.



When a mad dog goes for you, drop on all fours and look madder.



To keep cool while people are being crushed to death on the Bridge—why, don't go over but under it.



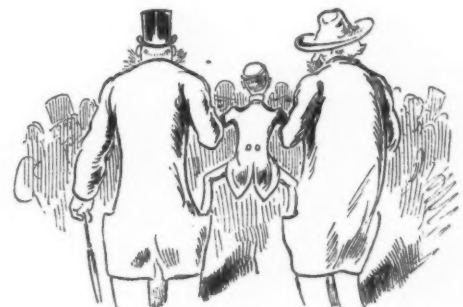
If a panic occurs in the theatre on account of a cry of fire, proceed quickly but quietly toward a door.



If pressed too close in a crowd, ask for assistance.



When surrounded by flames burst into tears and extinguish them at once.



If you are small and nervous, get on the inside of your friends.



OFFICE OF "PUCK" 23 WARREN ST. NEW YORK.

LOW, SON & HAYDON'S PU



ON'S PURE TOILET SOAPS.

MAYER, MERKEL & OTTMANN, LITH. 23-25 WARREN ST. N.Y.

ROBERT LOW'S PURE TOILET SOAPS,

LONG CELEBRATED FOR THEIR SUPERIOR QUALITY, AND SOLD IN EVERY TOWN OF THE UNITED KINGDOM, MOST PARTS OF THE CONTINENT, IN THE EAST AND WEST INDIES, NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICA, CHINA, AND OTHER PARTS OF THE GLOBE.



LONDON MEDAL, 1862.



PHILADELPHIA, 1876.

HANDKERCHIEF EXTRACTS.

IN BOXES OF ½ DOZ. EACH



FLOWER DE LUCE.

Æsthetic Bouquet.
Ess. Bouquet.
Frangipanni.
Iroquois Bouquet.
Jersey Lily.
Musk.
Jockey Club.
Stephanotis.
Tea Rose.
Bouquet de Carolin.
Gardenia.
Heliotrope.
Jasmine.
Lily of the Valley.
Magnolia.
Mignonette.
Millefleur.
Moss Rose.

Something New.
Violet.
Violets from my Garden.
White Lilac.
White Rose.
Wood Violet.
Upper Ten.
West End.
Ylang Ylang.
New Mown Hay.
Ocean Spray.
Orange Flowers.
Patchouly.
Rose Geranium.
Sweet Briar.
Tuberose.
Verbena.
Winter Blossoms.

Before the close of the last century, MR. ROBERT LOW established his reputation as one of the leading perfumers of his day, and the extracts for the handkerchief made by him were received with so much favor that he was appointed "PERFUMER TO THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'."

He originated the popular odors "Upper Ten," "Jockey Club," and "West End," which have obtained such world-wide celebrity. These odors were quickly imitated by other manufacturers, who were apparently unable to originate for themselves. Had Mr. Low anticipated the great demand for his perfumes under these names, he would have secured the sole right to use as his trade-marks these popular "household words;" but he ever considered that his own name and signature on his goods was a sufficient security.

Many of the perfumes made by his successors up to the present time are prepared from his original formulas, and, aided by the experience of successive generations in the business, we continue to manufacture extracts which are unsurpassed for excellence, delicacy of perfume, and lasting qualities.

The new odor, "FLOWER DE LUCE," which we have recently produced, is confidently recommended as the most delicate and refined perfume yet presented to the public.

The "Old Brown Windsor," "Turtle Oil," "Elder Flower," and "Glycerine" Toilet Soaps manufactured by us have long been favorably known in every country of the civilized world; the great trade established in these standard productions of our factories being the result of a steadfast adherence for nearly a century to the policy of making none but the best goods, and never sacrificing purity of materials for any other considerations.

Increase in material prosperity, and the spread of education, by effecting a corresponding extension in habits of refinement, have created a constantly growing demand for pure and finely perfumed Toilet Soaps. Recognizing the importance of this demand, we are constantly working to secure, by improvements in methods and machinery, a still higher quality, if possible, in all our manufactures. The latest addition to our list is a special brand of Toilet Soap, named from its odor "FLOWER DE LUCE." Impregnated with this delightful perfume, its emollient qualities and charming odor combine to make it a perfect Toilet Soap, suited to the most delicate skin and satisfactory to the most fastidious requirements.

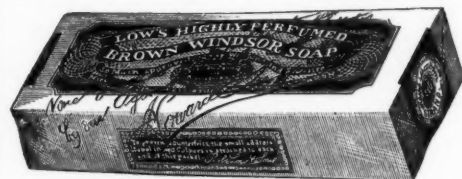
Our Soaps are all made from the best English soap stock, procured from the leading London houses who make a specialty of this branch of manufacture.

Druggists throughout the world recommend our goods for uniform high quality and economy in use.

LOW, SON & HAYDON, London.

ROBERT LOW'S SON, New York.

OLD BROWN WINDSOR.



These Soaps are packed in neat packages of 3 cakes, making the article particularly adapted to use of business men and travelers. The patent process by which they are made insures their being as desirable as "old soap" from the time they leave the factory.

LOW'S PINE TAR SOAP

Being scientifically prepared from the purest materials, is highly beneficial to delicate skins. We confidently assert, that for improving the complexion it has no equal. Most scaly eruptions, pimples, and chronic diseases of the skin will be cured by a persistent use of this toilet article.

Invaluable for the bath and nursery. By its daily use children may be protected from measles, scarlatina, and other infectious diseases.

It is not a patent medicine. Inhabitants of districts where the pine trees are in abundance are known to possess better health for the average population than those who dwell in other places. The refreshing and invigorating nature of the air, caused by the peculiar tar contained in the pine tree, is admitted to be one of the great assistants toward perfect health.

The article which we offer is a combination of pure pine tar with the best English stock soap, prepared for the purpose of cleansing the skin and stimulating its healthy action.

For the protection of the public, every packet of the genuine article will bear the signature

Low, Son & Haydon

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS,

AND

MARIE HENDERSON,

872 BROADWAY, N. Y.

FRAUDS in GINGER

Those who cannot **ORIGINATE,**
IMITATE!

BROWN is not a more
uncommon name than
SMITH,

JONES, or
ROBINSON,

we are all aware, but some-
times **PEOPLE WHO CAN-**
NOT ORIGINATE DO IMI-
TATE! therefore, when the

"**GENUINE BROWN'S GINGER**"

is desired, be certain not only
to ask for

FRED. BROWN'S
(Philadelphia)

GINGER

but look well at the Bottle,
see that it is **NOT ONLY**
Wrapped in Blue Paper, but
also see that there are

THREE
Trade Mark Labels

ON THE BOTTLE:

The Large Steel Engraved La-
bel, Black and White, the centre
occupied by the Head of
WASHINGTON.

The additional Trade Marks—
one in Red, White and Black, with
Signature—the other with Dose
and Directions for Use in Blue,
Black and White.

WATCHES

for the Million.

The largest assortment in the World from the smallest to the largest
size in Solid Gold, Silver, and Nickel Cases, from \$6 to \$150—all
reliable and each fully warranted. Chains, Rings, Lace Pins, Ear-
rings, Bangle Bracelets, Cuff Buttons, Studs etc., at prices in reach
of all. Also, bargains in Diamonds.

An article of Jewelry is the most suitable gift for a lady or gentle-
man, and this is the best place to buy it.

PACHTMANN & MOELICH,

Price list free. 363 Canal Street, New York.

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Light, Durable Fabrics for Summer Wear.
MODERATE PRICES.

NICOLL, the Tailor

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139-151 BOWERY.

Samples and SELF-MEASUREMENT chart mailed on application.
BRANCH STORES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES.

An Indiana farmer walked into the house
the other day with a tickled look upon his
face and his hat on his ear, and called out:

"By gum! Hanner, what do you think?"

"What's happened now?"

"You know that fellow that sold me the
churn and had me sign a paper?"

"Yes."

"Well, that paper was a note for fifty dol-
lars!"

"Noa?"

"True as preaching. And what do you
suppose?"

"He sold it."

"Right you are. Went and sold it to a bank
in Vincennes, and I've got to pay it. Think
of it, Hanner—my note good 'nuff to be sold to
a bank four stories high, and plate-glass win-
dows, and they send me the same kind of a
notice to pay as they do a rich man. I must
let Sims hear of it in some way. The Sims
family look upon us as scrubs, and here we are
treated the same as if we rode in a keelridge
behind four horses."—*Drake's Travelers' Mag.*

A CRANK went into a Western Sunday-school
with his arm ornamented with a live garter-
snake twined about it, and seated himself in
the Bible-class, the teacher of which was in the
habit of looking upon the wine when it is red.
Of course, the teacher didn't say anything,
because he wasn't sure whether the snake was a
real one or only existed in his imagination.
He has since signed the pledge.—*N. Y. Com-
mercial Advertiser.*

A NEW YORK editor is cultivating a small
farm of twenty acres in Westchester County.
He says if his potatoes are not destroyed by
the bugs, his corn by the crows, and his wheat
by the weevil, and some fellow doesn't invent
a worm to eat up the rest of his crops, he will
clear this summer enough money to pay his
hired man and have a dollar left to buy a circus-
ticket.—*Norristown Herald.*

"I've never saw the play," said a stage-car-
penter to an actor.

"Watch out for your grammar, Mr. Car-
penter," said the actor.

"Why? I haven't done nothin' wrong,
have I?"

"Oh, no; you merely put in a 'saw' where
you should have placed a 'scene.'"—*Williams-
port Breakfast-Table.*

A GENUINE jabberwock has been discovered
in Ohio. It has a mouth a foot wide, a red,
forked tongue, teeth two inches long, and green,
glaring eyes. It whistles and roars in a frightful
manner. It will not run for the Presidency,
thereby showing itself consistent in its eccen-
tricity.—*Boston Transcript.*

CARLYLE said: "The world is inhabited by
eight hundred millions of people, mostly fools."
He had confidence in what he said, and kept
on making books.—*N. O. Picayune.*

The most an Arctic explorer can do now is
to follow in the tracks of those who went be-
fore him, freeze his feet and write a book.—
New Orleans Picayune.

TALK about despair. You ought to see the
face of the boy when the circus-tent blows
down just as he has paid for his ticket!—*Boston
Post.*

*Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound ranks
first as a curative agent in all complaints peculiar
to women.

LUNDBORG'S RHENISH COLOGNE.

BAUS PIANOS

PRICES } in use at the Grand Conservatory of Music. { TERMS
LOW. } } EASY.
Warerooms: 26 W. 23rd St., N. Y.

\$72 A WEEK. \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free.
Address, True & Co., Augusta, Maine.

WALK MORE, AND SLEEP SOUNDLY.

Mr. JOHN W. COLE, Principal of the Gale School,
Troy, N. Y., writes us:

Troy, N. Y., April 7, 1883.

"Having been afflicted for several years past with ill-
ness, the cause of which was unknown to me for a long
time, and my continued disability getting to be of so
serious and distressing a character as to cause great
anxiety with my family and friends, I became satisfied
upon investigation that the cause of my sickness was the
diseased condition of my kidneys and liver. At this time
by accident a friend who had similar symptoms to mine
informed me of the great improvement in his health by
taking Hunt's Remedy, and persuaded me to try it. I
immediately commenced taking it, and from the first
bottle began to improve, and its continued use affords
very encouraging results. I can sleep soundly, walk
better, am free from pains, and the severe attacks of
headache from which I suffered so much have disap-
peared, and I cheerfully recommend Hunt's Remedy
for all purposes for which it is advertised. I will add in
closing that my wife has used it successfully for prevent-
ing the attacks of sick headache with which she had
been afflicted from youth.

40 New and Beautiful **CHROMO CARDS**,
name in New Type, and an **ELEGANT 48 p. c. Gilt**
Bound **FLORAL AUTOGRAPH ALBUM**, all
for 15 cts. **SNOW & CO., Meriden, Conn.**

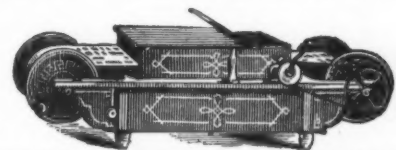


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IS THE MOST WONDERFUL MUSIC-PRODUCING IN-
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IT PLAYS EVERYTHING—SACRED, SECULAR
AND POPULAR!

IT IS A MARVEL OF CHEAPNESS, AND THE KING OF
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS!

Large Pipe Organs, Pianos and Reed Organs may all be seen
operating mechanically as Orguettes, Musical Cabinets, and
Cabinetos, at the most novel and interesting music warerooms
in the world.

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Between 12th and 13th Sts.

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Sole Manufacturers and Patentees.

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569 3d Avenue, near 37th St.
Established over 40 years.

Centennial and other awards. Latest
styles Baby Carriages, in cane, reed, and
wood, \$5 to \$50, warranted. Largest
variety. Also Velocipedes, Propellers,
Doll Carriages, and Boys' Wagons.
Goods shipped C. O. D. anywhere.
Wholesale and retail. Send for descrip-
tive circular. Cut this out.

OPEN EVENINGS.

A. WEIDMANN & CO.,

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Cor. Duane Street,

NEW YORK.

Importers and Manufacturers of

TOYS, FIREWORKS,

Masks, Gold and Silver Trimmings, Spangles and other
Material for Costumes, etc.

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MORPHINE HABIT.
No pay till cured. Ten
years established, 1,000
cured. State case. Dr.
Marsh, Quincy, Mich.

Illus. Catalogue, 150 pages, Photo, and Lecture, 10c.
MAGIC LANTERNS \$5
WITH VIEWS. \$5.
MAGIC LANTERNS & SLIDES Wanted.
Optical and Musical Wonder Catalogue FREE.
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MATCHLESS PIANOS.
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BITTERS.

BWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.
An excellent appetizing tonic of exquisite flavor, now used over the whole world, cures Dyspepsia, Diarrhoea, Fever and Ague, and all disorders of the Digestive Organs. A few drops impart a delicious flavor to a glass of champagne, and to all summer drinks. Try it, but beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

J. W. WUPPERMANN,
(SUCCESSOR TO J. W. HANCOX.)
Sole Agent for the United States.

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(HEARSON'S PATENT, U.S.A., JAN. 10, 1892.)

A self-feeding reservoir pen, writes continuously with any ink and by means of a pen with ordinary nibs.

PENS TO REFILL,
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BE CARRIED
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POCKET SIZE
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Flexible as Steel, durable
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MANUFACTURERS AND SOLE LICENSEES,
LONDON, PARIS, AND NEW YORK.

THE ANTI-STYLOGRAPHIC PEN
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R. R. WATSON, 51 Nassau Street.



**AMERICAN STANDARD
BILLIARD AND POOL TABLES.**
New and Second-hand, at Low prices and on easy terms.
Warehouses: 900 BROADWAY, Corner 20th Street, N. Y.

CAUGHT.

Over the lattice there clambered a vine,
Its tendrils in arabesques tenderly clung
To the cool slender bars in the shade of the
pine,
That sheltered us there where the song-spar-
rows sung.

As sweet as a rose in the pale pink and blue
Of her thin fleecy robe, with a bud in her
hair,

As fair as a tropic bloom fresh with the dew,
She mused by my side in the cool morning air.

How did it happen? I really don't know,
Her lips were like rosebuds—sore tempted, I
fell—

"Oh, nobody saw us!"—I started to go,
When a wee voice—"I seen 'oo, an' I'm doin'
to tell!"

—Harold Van Santvoord, in Century.

WILLIAM H. BEATTY, a wealthy broker of Toronto, was asked one day recently to lend his four-in-hand to drive the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise from their hotel to the race-course; but, being a Canadian, he refused. Had he been an American of a certain stripe, he would have jumped at the chance of offering the whole turn-out to the Princess as a present, with a yellow dog thrown in.—*Philadelphia News.*

It is rather disgusting, after you've leaned out of your window for half-an-hour of a morning, and heaped all the foul language you know upon the man in the next yard, who is running a lawnmower, to find that he is deaf and hasn't heard a word you've said.—*Boston Post.*

THE Master Plumbers of the United States will hold a convention in New York next week. In view of the many outrages committed by the dangerous element in that city, rural delegates will act wisely by leaving their diamonds at home.—*Norristown Herald.*

"WHAT becomes of the clothes-pins?" asks the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*. Gracious, what a goose! Didn't you know that the men who wear low shoes steal 'em to pin up their stockings with?—*Phila. Kronicle-Herald.*

THE petrified remains of an ichthyosaurus have been found in a chalk formation, resting on a stratum of gypsum, on the ranch of John Barker, Kern County, California. Barker must be terribly ashamed of it.—*Boston Post.*

WANTED—Twenty-five boys as messengers. Must be able to run one mile in seven hours. Apply at main office of American Union District Mutual Telegraph Co.—*Adv.—Life.*

A CORNER in pork—a pig's ear.—*Boston Transcript.*

Men of all ages, who suffer from Low Spirits, Nervous Debility and Premature Decay, may have life, health and vigor renewed by the use of the Marston Bolus treatment WITHOUT STOMACH MEDICATION. Consultation free. Send for descriptive treatise. MARSTON REMEDY CO., 46 W. 14th Street, New York.

Do not go to the country without a bottle of Angostura Bitters to flavor your Soda and Lemonade, and keep your digestive organs in order. Be sure it is the genuine Angostura of world-wide fame, and manufactured only by
DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

In the Circuit Court of Baltimore City, January Term 1893. Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons, vs. C. W. Abbott & Co. Edward Duffy, Judge. It is this fifteenth day of January, in the year eighteen hundred and eighty-three, by the Circuit Court of Baltimore City, Adjudged, ordered and decreed, that the respondent, Cornelius W. Abbott, his agents, employees, and servants be perpetually enjoined and restrained from using or causing to be used, the form of labels now used by him, represented by complainant's exhibit, in the manufacture and sale of any preparation or article called ANGOSTURA BITTERS, or ANGOSTURA AROMATIC BITTERS, and from using, or causing to be used, any labels or wrappers, or any trade mark resembling or presenting a colorable imitation of the labels, or wrappers of the complainants, described as complainants' exhibits, whether in style of engraving, printing or lettering, form or general appearance; and from vending or exposing for sale, or causing to be vendued or exposed for sale, any article of bitters contained in the old bottles of the complainants, or any bottles or packages, having labels or wrappers made in imitation of, or resemblance to, the said labels or wrappers of the complainants. Costs to be paid by said Respondent.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

IF YOU ARE MARRIED, or contemplate taking this important step, we can send you information which you ought to know, and worth \$100. Our 16 page circular mailed free. Address GILVIE & CO., 33 Rose Street, New York.



"I owe my
Restoration
to Health
and Beauty
to the
CUTICURA
REMEDIES."

Testimonial of a Boston lady.

DISFIGURING Humors, Humiliating Eruptions, Itching Torsures, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and Infantile Humors cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the cause.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays Itching and Inflammation, clears the Skin and Scalp, heals Ulcers and Sores, and restores the Hair.

CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and Toilet Requisite, prepared from CUTICURA, is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Blemishes, Sunburn, and Greasy Skin.

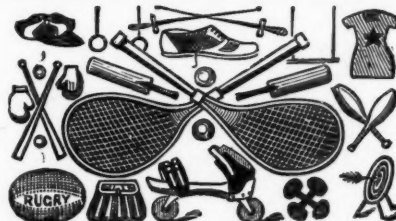
CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50 cents; Soap, 25 cent; Resolvent, \$1. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

HOTEL KAATERSKILL, CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.

Third Season opens June 26th. All Rail Route from New York. For terms, etc., address:

E. A. GILLETT,
Kaaterskill Post Office, Greene Co., New York.



Catalogue for 1893, 228 pages, 2,000 illustrations of Firemen's and Boating Coats, Model Engines and Figures, Air-Guns, Targets, Revolvers, Wigs, Beards, and all Theatrical Outfits, Clogs, Magic Tricks, Chess, Checkers, Dominoes, &c., and all the best Novelties, sent by mail for 25 cents.

PECK & SNYDER,

126 to 130 Nassau Street, New York.

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GREAT REDUCTION.

Elegant Trousers, made to measure, at \$4
Fine Suits, " " " " 16
Overcoats, " " " " 15

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Our only Branch Store in this City is at
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CANDY

Send one, two, three or five dollars for a retail box, by express, of the best Candies in the World, put up in handsome boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Try it once.

Address **C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,**
78 Madison St., Chicago.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.
GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION-1878.

BOKER'S BITTERS

The Oldest and Best of all
STOMACH BITTERS,
AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE.
To be had in Quarts and Pints.
L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor.
78 John Street, New York.

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THE other day a Detroit pawnbroker received a call from a young man with the tan and freckles of the country on his face and nose, and an old-fashioned bull's-eye watch in his hand which he desired to pawn.

"Where you lif?" asked the broker.
"Oh, out here a few miles!"
"Where you got dot vhatch?"
"It used to be Dad's, but he gave it to me!"
The broker looked him all over with suspicious glance, and asked and received his name, and then added:

"Vhy you vphants to pawn dot vhatch, eh?"
"Well, I need a little money."
"Dot looks suspicious to me, und I guess I call der bolece."

"Suspicious! Police!" repeated the young man: "Say, mister, if you don't know the difference between a thief selling his plunder and a young man in town with his gal, and that gal wanting peanuts and candy and sody-water and street-car rides until she's cleaned him out of his last cent, you'd better go and start a sheep ranch."

"Oh, dot vhas it, eh? Vhell, I gif you tree dollar. Dot makes it all ash blain as der face on my nose, und I hope you haf some goot times. Here—two und one makes tree."—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE cashier of a country bank suddenly expired. When the president reached the institution the next morning, he found a committee of depositors busily engaged overhauling the books.

"What are you doing?" he asked, incensed by the intrusion and resenting the presence of the committee as an interference with his authority: "Dont you know the cashier's dead?"

"Yes," returned the spokesman, "and we're looking through his accounts to see whether he died a natural death."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

THE editor of the Chicago *National Weekly* wants the address of every red-headed girl in America. His object is unknown, but we suppose he proposes to introduce a new scheme of street illumination in opposition to the electric light.—*Norristown Herald.*

Loss of sleep, it is said, is making men small and puny. That is a fact. Just look at the difference in the physique of a delicate scholar and the robust night policeman.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

SAID the girl who had quarreled with her lover: "Oh, it's all right! Harry said he should try to forget me, but he always fails in everything he undertakes."—*Boston Post.*

JUDGING by the dead failure of Governor Butler's Tewksbury campaign, he has been playing to a poor-house.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

A NEW YORK plumber has married a milliner. Everything tends to consolidation and monopoly these days.—*Lovell Citizen.*

THE noblest work of God—an honest man. The noblest work of man—an honest strawberry-box.—*Modern Argo.*

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